

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

The Albuquerque Morning Journal

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1916

RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

Elsewhere on this page, the Journal publishes an article on Russia from the clear pen of "Gerard," a feature writer on the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It represents Russia in a light not familiar to most of the people of the United States, but in a light which must be considered before many years if we are to hold our own in the commerce of the world.

Russia has long been one of the little understood nations, and the Russian people never have been appraised at their real value. Two decades ago Russia was the Englishman "the bear that walks like a man." Russia was semi-civilized, medieval, the most western of Asiatic states, the descendant of the Tartars, half Mongol.

Germany today professes to be engaged in constructing a "barrier" to save western civilization against Russia's "Asiatic advance," and in Germany it is no invalidation of the indictment that the barrier is composed in part of Mohammedan Turks who are Mohammedans, of Bukharans who are Mongolians, and of Huns whose blood is that of the descendants of Attila's yellow horde.

The time was when Bismarck could not say enough in praise of Russia. He extolled the rich Russian language, which he learned while ambassador to the court of the czar. He admired the Russian character and had an attentive eye to Russian resources, which he hoped to have exploited by German industrial capitalists.

The despotism of the czar, which is being modified by developments, really is a western idea, borrowed from ancient Rome and set up in imitation of European absolutism. Peter the Great, a Romanoff, descendant of the Roman emperor at Constantinople and imitator of western institutions, the Empress Catherine who was born in Germany—these two, who were the makers of modern Russia, got their inspiration from the French Bourbons.

The Russian religion is derived from Constantinople, and its theology is permeated more with Greek philosophy than is the Roman church. Intellectually, Russia for a long period went to school to western Europe, even as America has been an intellectual colony of England. First, the intellectualism of Russia was colored by the philosophy of France, and later it took on a German hue, but during the past twenty years the thought of the czar's literary people has again turned to France and students have been flocking to Paris as once they flocked to Berlin, and French culture is as dominant today in Russia as it was in the days of Catherine the Great.

The trouble with Russia is that more than ninety per cent of the people of the empire have never gone to school. The population is a mass of ignorance, and superstition which is always to be found where there is ignorance of the dense sort.

But this war has stirred Russia to its depths. Prohibition of the use of vodka has made of it a sober nation. The money in the savings banks has quadrupled since the war began, and with the close of the war a new Russia will be born of the mighty struggle.

The resources of Russia are greater than can be found in any other nation of the world. It has gold, silver, iron, copper, coal, petroleum, great forests of virgin timber, and is capable of producing many times the amount of wheat that is grown in the United States, and the most fertile prairie lands are adapted to the grazing of millions of cattle and sheep.

It is toward Russia that the United States must look in the future, and at Russia we know less than we know even of China.

THE DUTY OF THE VOTER.

The people of New Mexico are called upon this year to decide who shall be their state and county officers. Also they have three electoral votes to be cast for either Woodrow Wilson or Charles Evans Hughes for president of the United States.

Nationally the question at issue is a graver one than has been faced by the American people since the civil war. If Wilson is elected, the affairs of this country will be in skilled and conscientious hands. If Hughes is elected the affairs of the country will be in conscientious but unskilled hands. We know that President Wilson has made a great record in the field of domestic achievement, but beyond doubt history will accord him a higher place in the conduct of foreign affairs. The president has kept the horrors of war from our firesides, and at the same time he has insisted upon and has maintained every right, guaranteed by national and international law, of the citizens of this country.

Between now and spring, it is almost certain that Germany will resume her submarine warfare. The party of von Tirpitz is steadily gaining over the party of von Bethmann-Hollweg in the councils of empire and to say that the rights of this nation and her citizens are to be bravely challenged soon, is no alarmist talk. In such a contingency whom should the people trust? Wilson has steered the ship of state carefully and skillfully. He knows the rocks and the shoals far better than they can be known by an untitled pilot. He never has failed.

As to the affairs of state of New Mexico, they are in a formative condition. Before statehood they were in the hands of men who did not conduct them for the public good. A public office then was generally regarded as a private snare, and everything was directed toward the perpetuation of a corrupt machine in power.

This year, the question is, Who should have control in New Mexico? How would the state get the best government? Who would expend the taxpayers' money with the greater skill and faithfulness? This is a time when men should forget, so far as county and state are concerned, that they are republicans or democrats and vote for the candidates believed to be the best fitted for the offices. That is the duty of the conscientious voter.

The politicians have at last deprived Sing Sing of a warden who worked for the good of the state but not for the benefit of a corrupt machine.

TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

The missionary spirit seems a permanent aspect of the human spirit. We see it, principally with religion, but religion is perhaps its vehicle rather than its exciting cause. At least the larger manifestations of the missionary spirit in our time are not associated with religion, but with nations and racial ends.

Tabid missionary zeal is, perhaps, an indication of imperfect civilization. Tolerance seems to be the fruit of higher civilization. To live and to let live is a better law than to be inspired to reduce our neighbors and the world to our belief, our method, our system. To trust to time, to suggestion, to example, to reason, to improve the rest of the world up to our presumably exalted level is certainly nobler than to take the sword to compel the peoples to obey our rule.

The true propaganda is that of persuasion. St. Paul, the greatest of all missionaries, reasoned concerning Jesus Christ to Greek and to barbarian. He never thought of imposing his faith by force. That crude performance was left to Constantine and Charlemagne who came after him, to Mahomet and his fanatics, and to the barbaric kings of the Dark Ages.

To win converts to whatever one believes in is meritorious, if the winning be by persuasion. But the forcible missionary spirit has desolated the world, is desolating Europe today. The present war is the result of the missionary spirit of Germany to impose its religion of efficiency upon the rest of the human race.

When we are criticized because of our imperfect civilization, we may reply that we do not consider our civilization so perfect as to be zealous to fix our standards on our neighbors by the slaughter of innocent people and the devastation of lands. To inspire us to propaganda by the sword we must be greeted by a concrete monstrous wrong as was slavery, or by an impossible situation as was that of Spain's rule in Cuba.

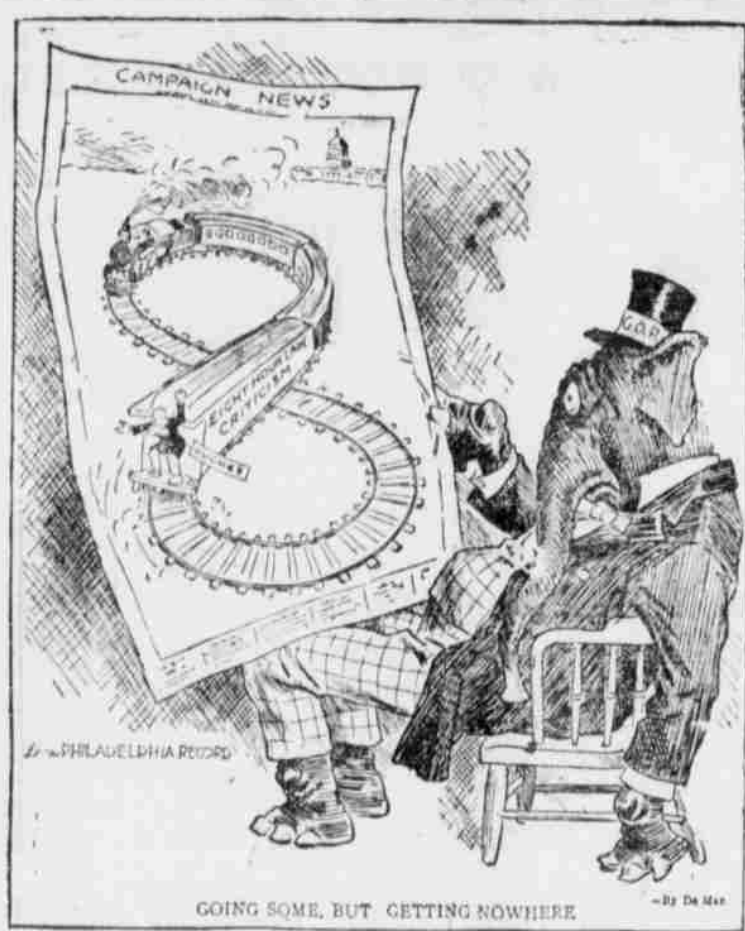
The speeches in the reichstag indicate that Germany is quite willing to make peace without indemnity or territorial concession. What did she go to war for?

EARN ALL HE GETS.

There is a general tendency to magnify the profits made by farmers during these days of high prices. If there is any man in the world who deserves prosperity, he is the hard-working, intelligent farmer. He is the foundation of all the prosperity of the nation, and usually he gets less out of his capital and labor than any other class of citizen.

In a rural survey of twenty-one representative counties of Ohio, one-fourth of the farmers studied were found to be highly successful, averaging an annual profit of nine hundred dollars over all farm and household expenses. Another fourth averaged an annual profit of three hundred dollars. Another fourth just managed to maintain themselves above the poverty line, while the last fourth farmed at a loss. All of these farmers owned their farms, thus having an appreciable investment in addition to the labor of the farmer, his wife and children.

Special agricultural education in



GOING SOME, BUT GETTING NOWHERE

the United States was begun in a general way a generation ago. At that time the average yield of corn was twenty-seven bushels an acre and the yield of wheat fourteen bushels. This is not far from the yield today. That the yield has not decreased may be credited entirely to the good work done by the agricultural colleges.

There is not much chance for the farmer to make large profits. If there were such chance, there would be a general concentration in the hands of absentee landlords and the farms would be operated by resident managers. Other businesses may be run in that way, but so far the man who makes anything like a fair return on the money invested in a farm must live on it and work it himself.

Agricultural colleges in these latter years are laying special stress on farm management. This is the hardest learned and most slowly extended item in the college curriculum; but it is the most important, for upon it depends the continuance of the individually-owned farm, which is one of the foundation stones, not only of American industry, but of American life.

Whatever profits the farmer can make from his land he is entitled to.

Washington did not hesitate to tell the allies where to get off, when it was intimated that American submarines might be mistaken for German and sunk by the ships of the entente powers.

Villa also now is talking of "me and God." He says it was only through the help of God that he was able to escape from his American pursuers.

Offers Service to Boost Climate of Albuquerque

Editor Morning Journal:
With your recent editorial in regard to the city of Albuquerque, and its lack of advertising because of the lack of a central advertising office, I am much impressed.

I wish to say that though I came here primarily for my health, news of the existence of Albuquerque, N. M., city being one of the first. It was only by chance that I heard of your city.

There are, according to statistics, in round numbers, upwards of one million people in America who are ignorant of their health would be greatly benefited by the study of the healthful climate conditions, but are not reached and educated as to its superior advantages.

From observation, I believe Albuquerque's greatest advertisement is the simplest and most effective in the world—a living, breathing, and cheerful climate that can not be duplicated, the world over.

Colorado Springs, though much inferior, is well advertised and is the first location I considered. Silver City has means to this end, but it is safe to say that apparently, Albuquerque, peer of them all, is the least advertised.

I arrived here in the evening and the tidy enterprising appearance of your streets, gave me a confidence and a welcome that still remains—I have met none but the finest of people—and you are not made ashamed when you speak of your purpose here; for, as one man said, "We are all here for that."

There are existing, ready to be taken advantage of, before our very eyes, methods of reaching the better class of the million people anxious to hear of us—and the best ways always prove to be the simplest and least expensive.

Possibly a majority of those reached are responsible and thrifty people, who would under proper incentives make this vicinity their permanent home.

To take care of this there should be industry. There is your mammoth lumber plant, standing idle for years, merely by common business consent without a pretense or a plan to reopen it.

It seems that Albuquerque, the largest city in a large state, has taken no steps to bring thorough initiative and advertising, such industries that would be available and serve the dual purpose of making the city the center of health and industry.

And I'll venture to say that within a small radius, stored up in adjacent mountains are some of nature's most precious assets, waiting for discovery and enterprise—and that their existence is even now suspected by but not determined by passers-by.

Concerning health, the city should have issued, with the co-operation of every sanatorium, every landlord, every individual, an attractive and inexpensive booklet of statistics as to every benefit of climate, illustrations

with given facilities of all sanatoria, and other means of caring for the nearly well.

Space forbids outlining how the distribution of these could be made of systematic through mailing lists secured from sanatoria, and boards of health from large cities and state institutions, and myriads of plans that "bring home the bacon," also regarding increased industry and business, but right here I seriously and respectfully offer absolutely gratis my services, such originally as I possess, to start these benefits on their way, providing a few hardheaded and loyal business men will signify their co-operation merely in supplying reasonable facilities to carry this on, shared with the original investment.

I am here for one year, perhaps two, possibly forever if I like Albuquerque as well as at present at the expiration of that time.

My age is 26 and I am bringing my family. I have both high school and college education. I am still on the payroll of that wonderful organization—the Ford Motor company of Detroit.

There should be an Albuquerque board of commerce in process without delay. You people have no idea how wonderful the Detroit board of commerce is and how fast it has accelerated the growth of Detroit—more in proportion than any other city in the world in a given time.

Since early boyhood I have worked my way through several kinds of industrial plants, and have gained such valuable knowledge of operations in factories, offices, advertising, purchasing, engineering, sales ends, are at your service if you will see fit to act with me.

To your interests without asking any remuneration, I would devote my time and thought, mostly for the pleasure of activity and in securing real results.

If this in any way impresses you, Mr. Editor, as to my sincerity, I beg the gift of this and such other as you will undertake only great things and writing from them success, arrange a meeting, and the rest is squarely up to me.

If you do not yet comprehend the value of young men at the helm, I refer you to the Ford Motor company, and nearly all Detroit motor car firms where you will find only young men in charge of all departmental responsibility.

As to remuneration, until I produce results, I would not consider it afterwards, any remuneration of those in voluntary and under no circumstances will be solicited.

This offer takes effect at once and I would like to get facilities under way with dispatch to produce results.

WESTLEY L. DORRIS,
703 North Fourth Street.

Russia's Future Sure to Be Great

(Quoted in Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Almost every wide-awake business man or banker with whom I talk expresses some such opinion as this: "After the war look out for Russia. Twenty-five years will see it, next to the United States, the greatest industrial nation of the earth."

I find everywhere a genuine sympathy with such a development. We talk of America's "traditional friends" but none has been really more friendly than Russia.

The first big act of kindness for our cause was when the czarina refused to hire to King George III twenty thousand soldiers to fight in the revolution. George then went to the petty German states and got his Hessians.

Russia put its capacious foot down upon the European proposition during the civil war to interfere on behalf of the south. Her sale of Alaska to the United States was a fine thing for us, and did not have behind it the selfish motive of Napoleon when he sold Louisiana to President Jefferson.

It is a pity that Russia failed to give us a maritime rival to England that would humble her pride.

I repeat what I heard Charles H. Cramp, the renowned shipbuilder, say at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war:

"When Americans shout for Japan they are lacking the wrong horse. Russia is our real friend and Japan never will be."

A noted Jewish scholar said to me not long ago in this connection: "This war is going to end Russia's treaty toward our people and to all other classes of it. This thing is like a vast school for Russia. 'Darkest Siberia' has vanished from the map."

A still more direct bit of testimony about Russia comes to me from an international banker who for two years has been studying the car's domain.

"Russia has the crude materials, she has the rich land, the breadth of territory, the fuel and the people to be another United States. Today Russia is manufacturing an enormous quantity of stuff she never knew she could make and which heretofore she bought from her neighbors."

Last year saw one thousand new millionaires made in Japan, War mutations! A similar thing is happening in Russia.

Said the banker: "There will be three millionaires in Russia at the

close of the war for everyone who was there in 1913, all due to this aroused industrialism."

With Scissors and Paste

AIR BOMBARDMENTS NOT EFFECTIVE.

(London Swift Kiriloff in Leslie's.)
I started at Dvinsk, Russia, to crawl out onto my balcony only to be blown back again into the room by a blast of air which showered the glass out of the window frames up and down the street. I was from an aerial bomb which dropped just around the corner, wounding twenty civilians, of whom six died later.

I got back again on the window ledge. This was no feat of unique and individual bravery. To get where one could see was as instinctive as to breathe. Everybody was out. The human animal can not stay in its lair when the biggest game shooting of man against man is on. Nobody cared nor noticed what any of the other spectators wore or, most of all, did not wear. Their white faces were turned up to the sky. They moved in a hand-in-hand line, scraping along the street walls. It was like a flow, the line distending where there was some slight shelter overhead, then extending again beyond.

Fires started. Black clouds of smoke drifted across the city, hanging in a strange way close to earth. I counted eight planes hovering above, and later there were six more. Two of the number had before this been injured and driven back. The light was growing clearer. High in the sky there were ever-whirling sharp angles of flame from our airplanes, shells and then the balloon bursts of white smoke. The great birds were replying with high explosive and incendiary bombs. Fragments from our own shells fell, cutting the air with a whistling scream. We—backbeaded Jews, leostchiks, shopkeepers, peasant women—were gazing with the same excitement which thrilled the throngs of Rome in the colosseum, but the gladiators whom we watched had arms to make the earth tremble, and we were not alone spectators—we were the hoped for victors.

The planes seemed living things, soaring with potential destruction. Our own guns, which spoke from the earth, were far more heroically akin to the civilization of the hour than the black figures, larked against the walls of the street, were slaves to the superiority of those engines of destruction. We were not men and women, we were not individuals. We were not even ants. We were vermin.

It was broad day and one by one the birds turned and flew far home. I realized then for the first time that I was hanging out of my balcony, in my palamas and that I was chilled to the bone.

The really extraordinary thing about the raid I was to learn the next morning. After I had last got up, I went walking about the city with some officers. For two hours during that night there had been an inferno. It was astounding to learn that there had actually been so little damage. The fires which had looked so portentous had only been burning stables. A number of horses had been lost, tens of people had been wounded, a few had been killed, Dvinsk is supposed to be evacuated, but like every city on every front, it is not. There was certainly no panic. I knew nothing about the Zepelins, but in Dvinsk, but things after many people who had darkly of great disasters which are kept from the public. After seeing how petty was the effect from the seemingly enormous attack at Dvinsk, I feel like taking the English communications at their face value.

LIVING IS THE THING.

(Amos Bronson Alcott.)
Entrance in nothing that cripples or degrades you. Your first duty is self culture, self exaltation, you may not violate this high trust. Yourself is sacred, protect it, not force no claims wherewith to subvert your own members. Either subordinate your vocation to your life or quit it forever.

BOTH ARE EXPENSIVE.

(Samuel Johnson.)
A beautiful woman appeals to the eye. A good woman appeals to the heart. One is a jewel, the other a treasure.

BUILDING THE HOME.

(Samuel Johnson.)
The happiness of building lasted but a little while, for, though I loved to spend, I hate to be cheated; and I soon found that to build is to be robbed.

DOG HATED THOSE "REFILES"

The faithful old dog of Jim Greger, residing near Millville, was bitten by a rattlesnake last Thursday and is in bad shape. Mr. Greger recently lost a horse from the same cause. The old dog was a bitter foe of the reptile and was accustomed to hunt and kill them. After an evil record he finally became the victim of one of them. His recovery is doubtful.

WHY HAIR FALLS OUT

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a 25-cent bottle of Danderuff, get a 25-cent bottle of Danderuff at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub well into the scalp. After a few applications all dandruff disappears and the hair stops coming out.

Old McBrayer Whiskey
Bottled in Bond

An Old Fashioned Kentucky Whiskey
Mellowed by Age
Delicious and Nutritious

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ORDER COAL NOW

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If you will place your order with me and give me just what your heating requirements are I will send just the kind of coal that meets your requirements.

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The best domestic coal—Free from clinkers and slag. For Furnace; Dawson Coal and Coke, also Coke Base Burners.

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PRICES ARE RIGHT AND DELIVERIES PROMPT

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CITY WEIGHING DONE ON THE NEW SCALES
OUR SOUTH SECOND STREET OFFICE.

The Big O.K. in COKE

COKE

All Heat no Waste

The GASCO

PHONE 98